

*I offer pranāma unto Śrī Kṛṣṇa -
Caitanya, who is Śrī Kṛṣṇa
Himself. Having assumed the golden
hue of Śrīmatī Rādhikā, He is
munificently bestowing kṛṣṇa - prema,
the rarest of all gifts.*

Invocation

O Gurudeva, you are so merciful. I offer my humble pranāma to you and am praying from the core of my heart that, with the torchlight of divine knowledge, you open my eyes which have been blinded by the darkness of ignorance.

I offer pranāma unto the Vaiṣṇavas, who are just like wish-fulfilling desire trees, who are an ocean of mercy, and who deliver the fallen, conditioned souls.

A few words ...

When Śrī Kṛṣṇa disappeared from the rāsa-sṭhali, the gopīs of Vraja sang a song, weeping in separation from Him. As the song reached His ears, His heart melted. He could no longer hide Himself. At once He manifested His enchanting form, which steals even the mind of Cupid, and humbly stood before them like an offender.

Their song of separation, Gopī-gīta, is as follow:

1) The gopis say, "O most beloved, because of Your birth in this land of Vraja, the entire area has become more glorious than Vaikunṭha and other planets. It is for this reason that Lakṣmī, the goddess of beauty and wealth, eternally decorates it with her presence. O beloved, in this most blissful land of Vraja, it is only we gopis who are not happy. We maintain our lives solely for Your sake, being extremely anguished in separation from You, and are wandering from forest to forest in search of You. Therefore, please, appear before us now.

Gopi-Gīta (1)

gopya ūcuh

jayati te 'dhikam janmanā vrajaḥ
śrayata indirā śaśvad atra hi
dayita dr̥śyatām dikṣu tāvakāś
tyayi dhṛtāsavas tvām vicinvate

(2)

O Kṛṣṇa, master of amorous pleasure,
O bestower of benedictions, we are Your
unpaid maidservants. You are killing
us by the glance of Your eyes that
steal even the proud beauty of the whorl
of supremely enchanting, highly born
lotuses that blossom exquisitely in ponds
during the autumn season. Is killing
by a glance not considered murder in
this world?

Gopī-Gīta (2)

śarad - udāśaye sādhu - jāta - sat -
sarasi jodara - śrī - muṣā dṛśa
surata - nātha te 'sukha - dāsikā
vara - da nighnato neha kim vadhaḥ

O crest-jewel among men, time and again
 You saved us cowherd maidens from the
 grip of death - from the poisonous water
 of Kāliya-hrda in the Yamunā where
 the serpent Kāliya resided, from the python
 Aghāsura, and from the rain and terrible
 storm of Indra. You saved us from the
 whirlwind demon Tṛṇāvarta, from the
 firing of Indra's thunderbolts, from
 the dreadful forest fire, from the bull-
 demon Aṛiṣṭāsura, from the son of **Maya**
 named Vyomāsura, and from every other
 kind of threat.

Gopī-Gīta (3)

viṣa-jalāpyayād vyāla-rākṣasād
 varṣa-mārutād vaidyutānalāt
 vṛṣa mayāt majād viśvato bhayād
 ṛṣabha te vayam rakṣitā muhuḥ

(4)

O friend, it is absolutely certain that
You are not only the son of Yaśodā;
You are also the Supersoul who resides
in the hearts of all living beings. In
response to the prayer of Lord Brahmā,
You have appeared in the dynasty
of devotees in order to protect the
universe.

Gopī - Gītā (4)

na khalu gopikā - nandano bhavān
akhilā - dehinām antarātmā - dr̥k
vikhanasāsthito viśva - guptaye
sakhā udeyivān sātvatām kule

(5)

O crest jewel of the Yadu dynasty,
O beloved, Your lotus hand grants
fearlessness to those souls who, terri-
fied by the cycle of birth and death,
surrender to Your lotus feet. O fulfil-
ler of our desires, please place on
our heads that very lotus hand, whic-
h grants fearlessness and which
accepted both the hands of Lakṣmī.

Gopī - Gītā (5)

viracitābhayaṁ vṛṣṇi - dhūrya te
caraṇam iyuṣāṁ saṁsṛter bhayāt
kara - saroruhāṁ kānta kāma - daṁ
śirasi dhehi naḥ śrī - kara - graham

(6)

O You who destroys the sorrows of the residents of Vraja ; O best among heroes , the beam of whose mere smile shatters the pride of Your near and dear ones , which arises from good fortune , and from the sulky mood (māna) arising from that pride.

O dear friend , please fulfill the desire of Your maidservants. At least this once , kindly show us helpless girls Your attractive lotus face and make us happy.

Gopi - Gita (6)

vraja - janārti - han vīra yositān
nija - jana - smaya - dhvamsana - smita
bhaja sakhe bhavat - kinkarīḥ sma no
jalarnhānanam caru darśaya

(7)

Your lotus feet remove all the past sins of embodied beings who surrender to them, and they chase after the cows and calves that graze in the pastures. Those lotus feet are the abode of Lakṣmī - devī, the goddess of wealth and beauty, and You placed them even upon the hoods of a serpent (Kālīga). Please place those very lotus feet upon our breasts, and subdue our sufferings that have arisen from the lust in our hearts.

Gopī - Gītā (7)

pranata - dehinām pāpa - karṣaṇam
tṛṇa - carānuḡamī śrī - niketanam
phaṇi - phaṇārpitam te padāmbujam
kṛṇu kuceṣu naḥ kṛṇāhi hr̥c - chayaṃ

(8)

O lotus-eyed one, we are bewildered
by Your sweet voice, replete with
enchanting words that capture even
the minds of scholars who are clever
and expert in raga. O hero, we
gopis are Your maidservants who
carry out Your every order. Please
restore our lives with the divine
ambrosia of Your lips.

Gopi - Gita (8)

madhurarayā girā valgu - vākyaṃ
budha - manojñayā puṣkarekṣaṇa
vidhi - karir imā vira muhyatir
adhara - sīdhanāpyāyasya naḥ

Gopī - Gīta (9)

tava kathāmr̥tāni taṣṭa - jīvanāni
kavibhir̥ īditāni kalmaṣāpaham
śravaṇa - maṅgalāni śrīmad ātatāni
bhūvi gṛṇanti ye bhūri - dā janāḥ

Nectarean discussions about You are the life and soul of those who are tormented by separation from You, and greatly learned personalities, such as Brahmā, Śiva, and the four Kumāras, sing of them. Those narrations vanquish the distress of past sins (prārabdha and aprārabdha). Immediately upon being heard, they bestow the highest auspiciousness, and especially the wealth of prema. The nectar of Your narrations is expanded by those who glorify Your pastimes, and therefore such narrators are truly the most generous benefactors in the world.

(10)

O beloved master, having seen You as
You conversed intimately with us in
secret places - having seen Your smiling
face, which acts as a stimulus for
our amorous desires, Your glancing
at us with love, and Your expansive
chest, which is the eternal resting
place of the goddess of fortune - our
hankering to meet with You has
increased manifold, and therefore our
minds are repeatedly bewildered.

Gopī-Gītā (10)

prahasitam priya - prema - vikṣaṇam
viharaṇam ca te dhyāna - maṅgalam
rahasi samvido yā hr̥di spṛśaḥ
kuhaka no manaḥ kṣobhayanti hi

O master , O beloved , When You leave Vraja to take the cows and other animals out to graze , the soles of Your feet , which are more tender than a lotus , must suffer great pain from sharp pebbles , grasses , and the edges of dry grains . When we think about this , our minds become very agitated .

calasi yad vrajāc cārayan paśūn
 nalina-sundaram nātha te padam
 śīla-trṇāṅkuraiḥ sīdatiti naḥ
 kalilalām manah kānta gacchati

Gopī - gītā

The Gopis Song of Separation

(12) day

O beloved hero, as the day draws to an end,
You return from the forest, Your lotus
face partly covered by Your bluish-black
locks of curling hair and veiled in a
very thin layer of dust rising from the
host of cows' hooves. At that time, by
repeatedly showing us Your beautiful
lotus face so exquisitely ornamented,
You arouse amorous desire within our
minds.

dina-parikṣaye nīla-kuntalair
vanarūhānanam bibhrad āvṛtam
ghana-rajasvalam darśayan muhur
manasi naḥ smaram vīra yacchasi

O dear most beloved, O destroyer of all sorrow, Your lotus feet, which fulfill all desires of Your surrendered devotees, are worshiped by Brahmā, who was born from the lotus, and they are the ornament that embellishes the earth. When meditated upon they remove all calamity, and when accepting service, they bestow supreme bliss. Kindly place such lotus feet upon our breasts.

pranata - kāma - dam padmajārcitam
 dharanī - maṇḍanam dh yeyam āpadi
 carana - pañkajam śantamam ca te
 ramana naḥ śtaneṣv arpayādhi - han

O hero, the nectar of Your lips increases the pleasure of amorous meeting, and it eliminates all sorrow due to separation from You. Your ambrosial lips are passionately kissed by Your singing flute, and they cause every human being who drinks that nectar, even once, to forget about all other attachments. O hero, please make us drink the nectar of Your lips.

surata - vardhanam śoka - nāśanam
 svarita - venunā suṣṭhu cumbitam
 itara - rāga - vismāraṇam nṛṇām
 vitara vīra naś te 'dharāmr̥tam

O beloved, unable to see You, as You roam the forest, engaging in pleasure pastimes during the day, we experience every moment as a millennium. Then, upon Your return from the forest at dusk, although we eagerly gaze upon Your exquisitely beautiful lotus face adorned with curly locks, we become greatly perturbed by the occasional blinking of our eyes. At that time, the creator of eyelids appears a fool to us.

aṭati yad bhavān ahni kānanam
 truṭi yugāyate tvām apaśyatām
 kuṭila - kuntalam śrī - mukham ca te
 jaḍa udīkṣatām pakṣma - kṛd dṛśām

O Acyuta, You know very well that,
 bewitched by the loud song of Your
 flute, we rejected our husbands, sons,
 brothers, friends, and our entire
 family. Disregarding their desires we
 disobeyed their orders and came to You.
 O cheater, who but You would abandon
 young ladies like us, who have come in
 this manner to You during the night?

pati - sutānvaya - bhrātṛ - bāndhavān
 ativilāṅghya te ' nty acyutāgtāḥ
 gati - vidad tavodgīta - mohitāḥ
 kitava yoṣitāḥ kaś tyajen niṣi

O beloved master, having seen You as
 You conversed intimately with us in
 secret places - Your smiling face,
 which acts as a stimulus for our
 amorous desires, Your glancing at
 us with love, and Your expansive
 chest, which is the eternal resting
 place of the goddess of fortune -
 our hankering to meet with You has
 increased manifold and our minds
 are repeatedly bewildered.

rahasi samvidam hr̥c - chayodayam
 prahasi tānanam prema - vikṣaṇam
 bṛhad - uraḥ śriyo vikṣya dhāma te
 muhur ati - spṛha muhyate manaḥ

O Kṛṣṇa, Your appearance completely destroys the sorrows of Vraja's residents, and in every way brings auspiciousness to the world. Our hearts, which desire You alone, are agonized by our heart-disease, Therefore, giving up all miserliness, kindly give in charity a little bit of that medicine which can cure Your dear ones.

Gopī - Gītā (18)

vraja - vanaukasām vyaktir aṅga te
 vṛjina - hantry alam viśva - maṅgalam
 tyaja manāḥ ca naś tvat - spṛhātmanām
 sva - jana - hṛd - rujām yaṁ niṣūdanam

O beloved, fearing to hurt Your very tender lotus feet, we carefully place them on our hard breasts. Tonight, with those very same soft feet, You are wandering somewhere in this secluded forest. Are Your lotus feet therefore not in pain, being injured by sharp pebbles, stones, and the like?

O You who are our very life, our intelligence is bewildered, overwhelmed with thoughts of You.

Gopī-Gītā (19)

yat te sujāta - caraṇāmburuham staneṣu
 bhitāḥ śanaiḥ priya dadhīmahi karkaśeṣu
 tenātavim aṭasi tad vyathate na kim svit
 kūrpādibhir bhrāmati dhīr bhavad - āyusām naḥ

Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam 10.32.1

*iti gopyaḥ pragāyantyāḥ
pralapantyaś ca citradhā
ruruduḥ su-svarami rājan
kṛṣṇa - darśana - lālasāḥ*

*Śrīla Śukadeva Gosvāmī said : O
gopis Parikṣit, thus the gopis of Vraja,
brimming with intense eagerness to
see their beloved Kṛṣṇa, could no
longer contain their feelings. Absorbed
in separation and lamenting, they
spoke many plaintive words, their
voices heart-wrenching and sonorous.*

Śrīmad Bhāgavatam 10.32.2

*tāsām āvirabhuc chauriḥ
smayamāna - mukhāmbujaḥ
pītāmbara - dharaḥ sragvī
sākṣān manmatha - manmathaḥ*

*Just then Śrī Kṛṣṇa, the crest jewel
of the Śūra dynasty, appeared before
the weeping vraja - devis. A gentle
smile blossomed on His face. He had
adorned His neck with a forest
garland and His body with a yellow
garment. The beauty of such a form
bewilders the mind of even Cupid
himself, who agitates the minds of
all beings.*